

Church the Anti-Hero

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Summary: Your typical military brat with daddy issues that all turn out to be globally more serious than Peyton Churchill ever could have dreamed and now he's angry and he will be the living embodiment and literal fist for the frustrated populous. 'IF BLADE WERE A JEDI CHURCH WOULD BE HIS MASTER' Luther Blackmar-BlackArts Comics

Church the Anti-Hero

**\*\*In the beginning...\*\***

North Chicago

The view of the skyline from the lake

Hexagonal building surrounded by a high brick gate, crowned with black

iron spikes. Words on the wall "Zoerleck Industries Development and

Research Institute"

(Four small panels surround the large view of the buildings interior)

A man in a lab coat mixing potions

Internal security guards wield glowing weapons as they man their posts

Scientists look forward at an advanced machine humming with power and

brilliantly lit up

Corporate executives' video conference

Throughout its corridors brilliant men endeavor at magnificent tasks to

expand man's comprehension of the universe... and his influence over it.

Hands place a large, jagged black crystal into a metal housing

(Larger view)

A woman in a lab coat maneuvers the workings of the hatch sealing the

crystal inside wall unit hatch

Belle Hutchinson, research assistant

(Large panel)

Across the lab another scientist peers into the viewport of his workstation.

Belle walks toward him

(Small Panel)

Close up

Belle

I've inventoried the last of the quartzite

The man stays fixed on his viewport

Dr Churchill

Martian Quartzite! Yes, thank you Belle. One more thing, there is an

envelope on my desk for Ian Jeffries take it and the briefcase beside my

desk over to his office on your way out for me and that will be all for today.

Belle is unhappily surprised

Dr. Churchill (voice)

I'll see you in the morning.

She stands behind him as he continues to stare into the viewport

Belle

My way out!? I thought that I was going to help you with the

status

presentation?

(Close up)

Dr Churchill

Computer, begin recording...As the different wavelengths filter from the

crystal they emit variations in color which I have set to index.

Belle looks into the viewport

Belle

I haven't finished calibrating the encephalo-monicle, how are you

oscillating frequencies?

Dr Churchill (voice)

I completed the audio array allowing the control matrix to translate verbal

command

She hugs Dr, Churchill

Belle

You've established a secondary command control! That's fantastic!

Dr Churchill

"Pause recording"

(Close up)

Dr Churchill

The briefcase Belle?

(Close up)

Belle

I don't get it, all this time assisting you and I can't help with the

presentation?

Looking into the viewport

Dr Churchill

Don't worry dear you will receive your full and due credit.

(Close up)

Dr. Churchill

...that is if you are capable of doing as you are told

(Long thin panel)

Her eyes and wrinkled nose

(Small circular panel, inside a larger panel)

Dr, Churchill looking into his viewport

(Larger panel)

The door slams

His hand slides from his pocket holding a cell phone

Cell to his ear, from behind

Dr Churchill

I'll be leaving here at seven-thirty sharp Remember flawless

The white halls of Zoerleck Industries

(Fish-eye view)

Five suited men walk the gleaming halls

(Closer view)

Their names below them

Melvin Toot - Bailey - Mark Saylor's - Goddard - Cuffman

(Larger view, different angle)

Goddard

Mr. Dietrich is becoming a liability that I am no longer willing to tolerate.

Bailey

Our obligation to the government is becoming a quiet the encumbrance.

Toot

We must reassess our timeline

Cuffman

I don't think I can tolerate the redundancy of this conversation. I warned

you all this medieval bartering. Had we dealt in numbers we could have

financed emancipation from any external obligations. How I allowed this

"non-financial" rubbish to get my approval is baffling

(Close up)

Toot, Bailey, Goddard and Cuffman all glance back at Saylor's

Saylor's

First and foremost Mr. Goddard...

(Same view)

Saylor's now in front of the others

Saylor's

...do not overstep your bounds within this institutes hierarchy

(Larger view)

Saylor's

The compound is priceless, regardless of perspective, scientific potential or

price index. Only twenty-one pounds in all existence and Zoerleck

Industries controls it.

(Rear view)

Saylor's entering a conference room with the others behind him

(Same view)

The other men inside the room

...need I remind you that we are in the "business of science?"

The pneumatic doors slide closed

(View of the coast from the ocean)

On the timeless horn of Africa...

War-torn Somalia

Many sun scorched miles into the desert the struggling township of Nana

hue.

(Larger view)

Children gather around a man paused in the doorway of an awaiting car

Young Man

...I'll be back

(Frontal view)

The small crowd of children

Kid 1

Promise Pey-Pey?

(Close up of Pey-Pey above the crowd of bald heads

Kid 2

Yeah promise!

Kid 3

Promise

(Close up)

Pey-Pey

I promise, just don't send "the Great Hunter" after me

(Larger view)

They all chant and step

(Same view)

They step the opposite way

Children

Hoo!

They group hug him

(Silhouette top of the page)

Pey-Pey

I love you guys

(From behind)

The car and it pulls away from the children

(Exterior view)

Zoerleck Industries

(Zoom in)

(From behind)

Dr, Churchill stands in front of an elongated table of the executives of ZI.

Dr. Churchill

...the sub-atomic nickel/iron particle core is accelerated to .998 the speed

of light within the crystals interior hollowed into a dodecahedron geometric

shape. The multiple surfaces both reflect and amplify the particles motion

for dynamic energy generation. The unique elemental properties of the

crystal can then are manipulated to harness and filter the energy

generated

(Close up)

Saylor's

We have read the reports doctor. The "money shot" Dr, Churchill...

(Dr Churchill's squinted eyes)

Saylor's (voice)

...have you developed an offensive application?

(The light of the laser beam streams out of the remote extended from

behind by Dr. Churchill blurred in the background)

Dr Churchill

I have.

The screen display-the EM-Cannon

Lines intersect on different points of the weapon

Dr Churchill (voice)

Gentlemen...the "EM-Cannon"

(Three panels)

(Another machine flips on-screen, another, another)

Dr Churchill (voice)

I have been able to develop a multitude of potential applications,  
all with

full schematics and functioning prototypes

(Two smaller panels opposite a large center panel)

(Close up)

Toot

How powerful is this "EM-Cannon"

Goddard

We must reiterate that a super-weapon is in order

(Facing his audience)

Dr Churchill

Gentlemen Please! The "EM-Gen" has evolutionary potential. Far  
more

than just weaponry. The preliminary  
tests-

Voice

\_Doctor...\_

(Close up)

Saylor's

...we know full well of your alternative fuel ideas...

(Close up)

Cuffman

...and we've decided that it is of no interest to us

(Full view)

Dr. Churchill

We agreed when I signed on that I would be given a certain degree  
of

autonomy

(Close up)

Saylor's

With your success at reaching certain benchmarks toward the goals of this

institute

(Papers hit the table)

(Close up)

Dr Churchill

This isn't fuel alternatives! With this direction competent vision could end

mankind's dependence on fossil fuels... indefinitely!

(Close up)

Saylor's

Until you provide a realized weapon all other ideas will remain mere

contemplation.

(Long panel Saylor's mouth)

Saylor's

Now...the weapon Dr Churchill!

(Silhouette)

(A man walking)

(Center page)

Dr, Churchill and another man avoid colliding

Man

Churchill!

Dr Churchill

Ian!

(Small panel / bottom left)

Ian

I got your message

(Small panel / bottom right)

Churchill

Then we can skip pleasantries Ian

(Long panel / Close up)

Ian

Oh how I await the day your "nutty professing" brings you a fitting  
end rids

me of you

(Long panel / Close up)

Churchill

Keep your word and your debt will be expunged

(Dr. Churchill brushes shoulders as he presses passes him)

(Close up)

(Dr. Churchill looks ahead)

Ian (voice)

We are not done!

(A finger presses the numbers on a phone)

(Dr. Churchill turns in his office chair, cell phone to his ear)

Dr. Churchill

We're green, I'm leaving now

He checks his watch

("7:30" analog display)

(Half of his face / opposite half of the clock)

Cuffman

Where the devil is he?

(Larger view)

(Saylor's looking out of the glass conference room door)

Voice

I'll call his office

(On his cell phone)

Saylor's

This is Saylor's; get over to Raymond Churchill's office!

The parking garage

( behind the wheel of his car)

Churchill

Sorry Rusty

(His foot floors the gas pedal)

"SKREEEEEEEECH"

(His car speeds past the rows of cars)

The wooden arm at the security booth with Churchill's car speeding toward

it

(The security guard dives into the booth)

(The wooden arm in splinters as the barrels through)

(The darkened partial view of his hat as he watches the brake lights)

(Long panel)

Black

(Long panel)

Shadows streak and blur

(Long panel / Circular panel in the center)

Black forest lines the roadside

(Churchill close up)

(Long panel)

The rear view mirror illuminates his eyes

(Long panel)

Headlights in the rearview mirror

(Long panel)

His hands tighten on the steering wheel

(Long Panel)

The lights are brighter and closer

(Long panel)

Closer the lights jerk aside

Stars and Bars flap violently, tethered from the cab. A bald man flails his

fist from the passenger's side. Three men rage from the truck bed

He screams through the glass

Churchill

You don't scare me!

(Two page panel)

The three skinheads leaning over the truck-side

Skinhead 1

Wogey, bogey nigger! Wogey, bogey!

Skinhead 2

Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

Skinhead 3

We're gonna get you nigger!

(Front view)

The truck smashes against the car

(Close-up)

Churchill

What the hell did you think you were doing!?

Holding official United States Marine Corps stationary

"Dishonorable Discharge"

Across the kitchen in the background Peyton stands against the counter

Peyton

I was done, "Mac" was dead and we left Fujikawa beach we littered with

bodies...children dad! Kids, ten and twelve and some of them didn't even

have weapons, just tools! They labeled Fujikawa, serious military threat!

(Long panel)

Raymond's eyes lowered

Peyton (voice)

\_Not a damn soldier among'em!\_

(Long Panel)

His eyes raised

Raymond

You were serving your country

Peyton

You mean preserving

my country and it was the last f \*# straw! Stolen

power from betrayed trust from those goddamn bi-partisan gang  
bangers!

Playing chess with soldiers lives!

Churchill

And on every level, social, economic or industrial, still the best  
goddamn

country on earth

Peyton

Spreading their dominion and it cost me my brother

Raymond

Son, think about what you've thrown away? Retirement, benefits,  
your

medals and honors?

Peyton

Are you listening old man? "We" earned those medals. "We"  
bled,

murdered and destroyed for those honors. Us dad, "Mac" and  
me.

Raymond

Sometimes you have to keep realize the greater good; There are  
tough

roads to travel and hard choices to make. Soldiers like you and  
your

brother traverse those roads. Honor or curse you were and your  
brothers

were serving the greater good...

(Close up)

Peyton's face filled with rage

Raymond (voice)

\_...for the benefit of many\_

Peyton

All we wanted was you. "Mac and I didn't choose this path on arbitrary

patriotism dad. We did the one thing we could to make you love us again,

hell even talk to us again! When we lost mom the first thing you did was

ship us to the academy, like you blamed us. Now my brother is gone too!

Raymond

Son! I know I wasn't the model as far as fathers go but I'm not a damn

animal. I never blamed you boys, I just. Couldn't do it without her

(His arms locked on the counter)

Peyton

Did you try?

(Half of Raymond's face with Peyton in the background)

Peyton

We didn't just lose her...we lost you too!

(Ultra close-up)

Raymond

I did the best I could

(Close-up)

Peyton

The f \*# you did!

(Close-up)

Raymond with his eyes closed

"SLAM"

(Half of his face / blurry plane full of passengers in the background)

Peyton's eyes snap open

The tires of the planes landing gear screech and smoke as they touch

down

Peyton looking out of the window from the backseat of a cab.

The Chicago skyline

The neighborhood

(Full page)

The cab drives off, Peyton looking at the house from the sidewalk

Key in the lock

He stands just inside the front door looking at his childhood home

Walking up the stairs

He peers into his father's office

(Close up)

A picture of his mother

He enters his old bedroom

His hand holding a picture of "Mac" and himself

He descends the stairs

(Sid view)

Peyton standing in front of an open refrigerator

Splashing onto the couch he aims the remote

(Four panels)

Peyton drifts horizontally to asleep

(Long panel)

View from behind the couch of a dark family, with intermittent light from the

television

(Same view)

"CRASH" "

(Same view)

A head snaps over the back of the couch

Peyton

Dad?

"CRASH-CRASH"

(Same view)

"Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha"

(Ultra close up)

Peyton's eyes and right ear, as he looks aside right

"Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha"

(Ultra close up)

His eyes forward

Fire overtaking the TV and entertainment center

(Ultra close up)

His eyes left

Smoke and fire in all directions

Over the couch

Peyton runs through the smoky hall

He crashes through the backdoor

He collides with someone

They tumble through the rail falling off the deck

(Opposite panels)

(Left panel)

A skinhead picking himself up

(Right panel)

Peyton recovering

(Smaller opposite panels-between the larger two)

Close up

(Left panel)

Peyton

Who the hell are you?

(Right panel)

Skinhead 1

Who the hell are you?

(Side view)

They stand face to face

Peyton

I live hear asshole

Skinhead

Not anymore nigg-

(Rear view)

The skinhead is jarred from his feet by Peyton's uppercut

(Full page)

He stands triumphant over the downed skinhead

Peyton

What was that?

(Same view half page panel)

He is tackled from the side

(Close up)

Looking up from his Peyton wipes blood from his mouth

Skinhead 2 (voice)

Gotcha nigger!

(Full page)

The second skinhead stands over him. Behind him the first baldhead is

helped to his feet by a third

Looking up at his attacker

Peyton

You picked the wrong house cue-ball

(Half page)

The three skinheads stand together

Skinhead 3

Look who's talking spear-chucker!

(Side view)

Silhouetted in front of the blazing house

Peyton kicks the first skin backwards into the others

Skinhead 2 lunges around the others

(Close up)

Surprise on his face as Peyton's hands clutch his arm

(Larger view / Silhouetted)

Peyton flips him over him

He evades another's blow

Elbowing him to the dirt

Standing over the last he turns his head slightly

Peyton \_(thinking)\_

\_Voices\_

Three skinheads round the corner of the house

Looking the other way four more run toward him

Peyton

F \*!

He stands ready

Skinheads (voices)

\_Hey! Who's that? Get' em! Kill that Jig!\_

He leg sweeps the first two

Grabbing one tossing him into several others

Tackled, they dog pile on him

(Close up)

His face partially visible under the heap of assailants his eyes  
close

(Close up)

Peyton's eyes snap open

Peyton

Ahhh!

He kicks burning debris off his legs

Rolls to his feet

(Larger view)

(Silhouette)

He stands in front of the diminishing fire

South Cicero...The industrial district

An abandoned steel mill black and lifeless

Inside

Several skinheads walk forward from the garage, the giant door  
closing

behind them

The supremely renovated and brightly lit interior is adorned with  
long,

draping red banners with Swastikas or crossed red hammers

"Red Hammer Boys"

Several men walk off in a different direction

The three leading continue upon a metal stairwell

They walk the causeway at the top.

The leader turns into a room the other two stand guard at the  
door

Inside he sits and activates a monitor on the desk

A shaded figure appears "on-screen"

Shaded figure

Chucky Barnes, ahead of schedule

Chucky

Mission complete Benefactor, the house is  
destroyed

Benefactor

Congratulations Mr. Barnes, looks like an execution bonus is in  
order.

He stares forward

Benefactor (voice)

\_Something else I should know?\_

Chucky

We had a visitor

Benefactor

Who?

Chucky

Some jig I think we suprised'em robbing the place

Benefactor

Don't think Chucky, you're no good at it. I want to know who it was  
and

what the hell he was doing there!

Chucky

I already took care of it

Benefactor

Be sure Mr. Barnes. I like my business like your head, clear and free  
of

obstacles. I see one hair, I cut it off

Chucky

Of course Benefactor

The screen blackens

Chucky exits the room

His lieutenants scurry to catch up as Chucky rushes  
past

Chucky

Recall the troops we're going back.

Reich

What?

Nerd

Why Chucky?

Chucky pauses on the causeway, between the two heads. Behind him  
a

terrace wall ends the causeway.

Chucky

Benefactor wants to know who that jig was and what he was doing there

Between two heads

Reich

Toast Chuck

Between two heads

Reich

Yeah Chuck, we threw that log on the fire

Between two heads

Chucky

Shut it Reich. Last you saw of him was looking up from lying on your ass!

Walking onto the terrace

Chucky

Now try to stand there like a proud white soldier

Chucky looks out over the terrace, below him dozens of skinheads

congregate

His right arm raised in salute

Chucky

White Power, Red Hammer!

(Larger view)

(The skinheads salutes)

Skinheads

White Power, Red Hammer!

(Close up)

Chucky

The red is for the pure blood of our ancestors and the hammer is for

shedding the blood of our enemies paving the path of victory!

Proud

Aryans, the future is ours!

(Larger view)

Arms raised above their heads

Skinheads

Seig Heil! Seig Heil!

Reich steps forward

Reich

All "SS" to the War-chamber!

(Large view)

Five "SS" soldiers stand around the war table as Chucky walks toward

them

The table is hairless, tall and illuminated white from its interior.  
The table

top bears their crest, crossed hammers

(Close up)

Leaning forward over the table top

Chucky

We're going back. Benefactor is curious about that jig

(Same view)

All looking toward Chucky

Nerd

We already thru that log on the fire

(Larger view)

They laugh collectively

(Close up)

Chucky

Then you better hurry the hell up!

Reich

"SS" let's move!

Peyton stares into the dwindling fire

Peyton (thinking)

\_Where the hell is the fire department? No nosey neighbors, police, nothing!\_

"CRASH"

His head snaps toward the noise

(Distant view)

From the other side of the burning rubble the crashing boards are easily

discerned off to the side

Peyton (thinking)

\_Happy Birthday dad\_

A black van cruises through the neighborhood

Inside

Reich at the wheel, Nerd beside him and Chucky in the back

Reich

I don't see anything

Nerd

You sure you know how to run a fanning circular perimeter?

Reich

Just because you're a "Nerd" don't mean other people don't know stuff.

"BRRRRRRRRRR"

Chucky sits centered just behind them

His foot on the back of Reich's chair and a cell phone to his ear

Chucky

Shut the f \*% up Reich...Benefactor? My soldiers are searching the

neighborhood now...yes Benefactor

(Frontal view)

Reich smiles as Nerd covers his mouth

(Close up)

Voices

"Che-he-he"

Chucky

Something funny apes?

Nerd looking back at Chucky

Nerd

You Chucky..."\_yes Benefactor\_"

Nerd flies forward from Chucky kicking the back of his chair

Chucky (voice)

I won't sound so funny when I'm kicking your ass!

(Close up)

Chucky grits his teeth in anger

Reich (voice)

Yes'em boss...yes'em

(Same view)

His angry expression grows angrier

(Reich falls forward)

Chucky (voice)

\_Just drive ape!\_

(Long panel)

A.M. Downtown, the Drop Inn Motel

The Drop Inn Motel

(Rear view)

Peyton looks out the window, on the phone

Peyton

...you couldn't miss'em, nine skinheads, tossing Molotov cocktails at my

house!

(Side view / Close up)

The phone to his ear

Peyton

I'm reporting it now!

Slamming the receiver into its base

His arms outstretched, Peyton falls backward on to the bed

(Side view)

He lands on the bed

(Long panel / Outside)

Chicago skyline horizons the background of the Drop Inn Motel

(Long panel)

Zoom in

(Long panel)

The smaller buildings blur closer to the skyscrapers. The tallest, a black

spire centered with a white strip of letters aligned down

(Long pane / Closer)

"OMNICORE"

(Closer)

The penthouse, office of Jacquelyn Turner, Chief operations officer for

Omnicores petroleum

An opaque figure in the background, an out-stretched finger reaches

forward tapping a console on the desk

Across the room, bookcases reaching to the ceiling slide apart

Widened, they reveal a large monitor

(Same view)

Chucky Barnes appears on-screen. "Identity scramble" flashing in the

corner of the screen

(On-screen)

Benefactor

Better be good Mr. Barnes

Chucky

We looked all night...nothing

Turner/Benefactor

I don't like loose ends

Chucky

Eyes for the Red Hammer are all over-

Chucky's image on the large monitor

Chucky

I'll decorate my boots with his black ass he shows up anywhere  
in

Chicago!

Chucky stands at the World table of the "SS" room looking up to  
his

monitor hanging from above at the table's center

Benefactor (voice)

Don't wait for in to show up monkey, go get him. I'm clocking you  
simian

Chucky on large monitor, his right arm extended out of  
view

Chucky

You will see the strength of the Red Hamm-

(Black panel)

A miniscule blip of white light at the center of the  
screen

Benefactor (voice)

\_That will be all Mr. Barnes\_

The room slowly turns 180\* to "Jackie" Turner at her desk. Her eyes  
under

a strip of light

The monitor displays

"Incoming "

A punishing fist smashes a charred wooden plank to splinters

(Larger view)

Peyton stands tensely amidst the rubble

Peyton (thinking)

\_Where are you!?!\_

His clenched fist blurred in the foreground, a cab on the street in the

distance

Majestic Zoerleck Industries with the cab arriving

Peyton looks up at as he exits the taxi cab

(Larger view / from behind)

Peyton walks through the marbled lobby approaching the massive

receptionist's desk

His hands on the desk, just above his waist

Peyton

Hi, will you direct me to Raymond Churchill's office or lab or whatever?

(Peyton's silhouette in the foreground with the receptionist looking up at

him)

Receptionist

One moment sir

She reaches aside

A manicured finger depresses a button

(Same view)

Receptionist

Mr. Saylor's, there is another man here looking for Dr. Churchill

Looking down to her

Peyton

I didn't ask for anybody named Saylor's

Her hand secures her earpiece

(He leans in)

Peyton

You know what...

(Same view)

He juts aside

His form slightly on panel with the receptionist  
reaching

Receptionist

Sir...?

(Larger view)

High up from behind

Receptionist

...if you'll just wait one moment...

(Left panel)

Peyton in the foreground looking back at the receptionist

(Right panel / same view)

He turns forward

(Half-page panel / from behind)

Peyton stops short, Saylor's standing front of him

Mr. Saylor's

Don't be upset with Ms. Bennett she is merely doing as I've  
asked.

(Close up)

Saylor's reaching out his hand

Saylor's

How may I assist you?

Peyton standing in front of Saylor's

Peyton

You can't

(Same view)

Guards surround Peyton

(Same view)

Peyton

Alright, let's try again. I'm looking for my father, Dr. Raymond Churchill. He

didn't come home last night and I need to find him

(From above)

Peyton encircled by Zoerleck Security across from Saylor's

Mr. Saylor's

I must apologize I don't believe that I can help you. Good day

A guard on either side clutch Peyton's arms to detain him

(Same view)

He flips the two guards to the ground

(From above)

The cadre of security leaps at Peyton

Crashing glass

(Side view)

Peyton crashes through the pneumatic glass doors

In a heap, he lands at the feet of a stranger

Stranger (voice)

I guess all the minorities are getting that treatment today

An extended hand near his head as Peyton tries to rise to his feet

Peyton

My bad

(Face to face)

Stranger

I'm good.

(Close up)

Stranger

Roman Bilducea, the Chicago Herald

(Side view)

The men shaking hands

Peyton

Peyton Churchill

(Peyton's view)

Roman

Did you say Churchill?

Lighted neon sign

"Three-point line sports bar"

(Large view)

The cocktail waitress crosses as Peyton and Roman sit secluded in the

back of the bar

(Close up)

A beer mug hits the table

Peyton (voice)

\_You found his car!?!\_

(Close up)

A wisp of smoke trails past Roman who gazing intently

Roman

The police found his car, in a ditch off Western Ave at about 4am this

morning. The ringer was finding his house, or rather his charred foundation

for a house

(Long Panel / Close up)

Peyton on the far left

Peyton

Skinheads. They firebombed our house last night. 'Got three of 'em before

they beat me with the numbers game

(Long Panel / Close up)

Roman on the far right

Roman

Skinheads? Let me guess, wearing jackets with red hammers?

(Long Panel / Close up)

Peyton on the far left

Peyton

Yeah, you know these apes?

(Long Panel / Close up)

Roman on the far right

Roman

The Red Hammer Boys! Neo-Nazi losers looking for a scapegoat.

Peyton

Do you know where I can find them?

Roman

I'll get you everything on these baldheads under one condition...I get to

cover it for the Herald

Peyton

Deal. Now these Red Hammer Boyz, they got friends of money?

Roman

They're relatively new on the scene but they've been busy all over town

including the burbs and doin some serious damage

Peyton

Seen it. They laughed as they destroyed my house uninterrupted.  
No

neighbors watchin, no sirens, not even one damn fire truck! Chi-town finest

didn't know and didn't want to. Who's got it like that?

Roman's outstretched hand drops his empty shot glass

Roman

Not too many Titans in that pantheon, especially when you factor in the

helpful folks at Z.I.

Grabbing his jacket

Roman

I gotta get to my computer

They quickly exit the booth

AM, the Adam P Clayton Building

Peyton snaps up from sleep, sweating and panting

He moves his head side to side

His surroundings, an apartment

"Tik-tik-tik-tik-tik-tik-"

As Peyton enters the hallway

Roman's face slightly aglow from his computer monitor behind him  
across

the room Peyton stands in the doorway

Roman

Sleeping beauty! Glad you're up; I gotta get down to the Herald and  
see

whats hit the fan

Peyton

Can I catch a ride? I need to see someone

Roman still focused on his task

Roman

See you in twenty

-The short brick wall reads "Hayden Park  
Cemetery"

Roman's car drives into view

A shoe darts from the bottom of the card door

Roman

I assumed you meant a live someone

Peyton from the side stands looking into the cemetery

Peyton

I don't have to tell you about assuming

View of Peyton from the front with Roman's car behind him and Roman

looking toward him

Roman

Yove've got my cell, hit me up later

Rear view of the rear tire in motion, spitting dust

The dust plum surrounds Peyton motionless

Deep into the cemetery he stands in front of a mauousoleum,  
"Churchill"

with on the nameplate

Peyton

You watchin this Mac? Took me two years to get back here. I know this

wouldn't be easy but I didn't expect the damn twilight zone. I'll promise you

this I will find dad.

Leaves crunch under foot

Peyton peers around the corner

A beam of light reflects into his eyes

He follows the glare to a courtyard where he sees a metallic  
briefcase

Voice

Well...pick it up!

He moves closer and sees the hand radio on top of it

He picks it up

Peyton

Who is this?

Voice

Your father left this for you

Peyton

If you've hurt him things are gonna get unpleasant, now where is he!?

Voice

I don't know but he asked me to give this to you if you ever came looking

for him. Here it is concluding my obligation to your troublesome clan,

goodbye!

Peyton

Who is this!?

From a distance Peyton surrounded by an empty cemetery

Roman exits the elevator and navigates the newsroom maelstrom

He walks past another reporter

Reporter 1

You don't have anything left do you "Bilbo"? "Scientist Disappears".  
Ooooh,

Pulitzer stuff

Roman continues toward him

Reaching the Chief's desk

Two women enter passing by him

Reporter 2

Hey Roman we just read your article, deep stuff

Reporter 3

Yeah, too bad the Chief didn't bury it

Both

Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha!

The Chicago Herald open full spread comes crashing down to the desk

Turner

Son of a bitch!

She taps the access panel on her desk

Across her office a large picture retracts and Chucky Barnes appears

Turner

I warned you Mr. Barnes

Chucky

Benefactor, my soldiers have been out all night and we will continue until

we find him

Turner

Let me give you a little piece to the puzzle. It was the son of Churchill. The

entire story is in the goddamn newspaper!

Chucky

I'm sorry Benefactor. We will find him

Turner

No, I'm the one who's sorry for trusting your Nazi-ass! You have twelve

hours to find the doctor's son and erase him. Put somebody on finding the

reporter that wrote this article. I want to know where he is 24hours a day,

do you understand to Neanderthal?

Chucky

Yes Benefactor

Turner

Like your intelligence my patients has limits and I won't waste my time with

any more threats

She cuts the transmission

The screen flashes "Incoming transmission K Eddington"

Turner

Damn!

-Downtown

Peyton walks the busy street

Small panel: His eyes

Address after address

"Rush Computers"

Small panel: His eyes widen

Holding the key up, its tag reads "Rush Computers"

Key in the lock

From the interior the light pierces the dark room as the door opens

He walks thru the dim room

At the counter he opens the case revealing the lone computer disk

It slides into the computer

The monitor sparks to life with an image of Raymond Churchill

Churchill

Hello son. I hope you're well, if you are viewing this I fear I am not so well.

This steps which have led to you coming into possession of this briefcase

were only to have happened in the event of my death. I apologize for how

we parted ways son and I regret not being able to amend that and now I

must impart to you further grim news. Listen carefully, my demise is

undoubtedly due to adversarial elements of my work and although

secretive with its fruition a dangerous degree of notoriety has accumulated

to this point.

He turns aside to a mechanical set-up

Churchill

This is the "EM-Gen", the electromagnetic frequency generator and the

basis of "EM-Tech". The "EM-Tech" technology is designed to harness the

energies of the electromagnetic spectrum, creating a seemingly limitless

source of energy with the potential to end mankind's dependence upon

fossil fuels. From outer space to aerospace, simple machinery to personal

conveyance. I've re-designed the infrastructure of major portions of science

and industry finally after more than two decades of research a

breakthrough, thanks to our government's Martian rovers. The discovery of

a unique mineral compound I can only theorize to have undergone a

radical metamorphosis similar to the dynamic of coal to diamond to

describe its origins and deemed "Martian Quartzite."

Holding a small black crystal

Churchill

It was the final variable to my equation and the foundation of my "EMTech."

These accomplishments sown in pride became arrogance,

narrowing my perspective leading to my incidental underestimation of the

causal effects. Not everyone would be accepting of these vast changes.

Some could not understand my altruistic goals or allow any fiscal

opportunities to go untenured. For example the combustion engine, utilized

by millions globally generating billions in revenue. Supported by a

thousand secondary industries, employing hundreds of thousands now

imagine rendering this engine suddenly obsolete. What economic windfall

would this bring about? Countless reasons for fear and mistrust generated

a gallery of opponents. Corporations, governments and various

organizations around the world concerted, interested or angry with the very

idea of "EM-Tech." This message from the grave should serve as

testimony which is also why I devised this "final wish" contingency.

Officially you are listed as M.I.A in the Congo but in case your true identity

was discovered I established a new identity for you...

Peyton leans in

Outside Rush Computers the Chicago skyline behind it

Over the building and structures of Chicago to the downtown skyline

The black spire of Omnicore Petroleum dwarfing the near-by buildings in

height and girth

Zooming ever closer to the building side then up the letters of Omnicore

and through the "O"

Jackie Turner at her desk and Chucky Barnes on her monitor

Turner/Benefactor

I am less perturbed, good job Mr. Barnes

Chucky

Just say the word and my soldiers will erase this Spanish dog for you

Turner/Benefactor

Slow down Chuck, Your ass still teeters on the subject of our mystery man

so get back on finding him. I have other plans for Mr. Bilducea

She taps her desk panel and the image of Chucky changes to a man in

black clothing and sunglasses

Turner

Cinco

Cinco

Ma'am

Turner

Treasure hunt...

The blue hue of the computer screen is the light amongst the darkness  
as

Peyton continues listening

Churchill

...this entire building, the second story loft and the first level  
computer

components store are all the property of your new identity, Anthony  
Rush.

Know you have a less than admirable view of me as a father but know  
that

you and your brother were always first in my heart. I hope that you  
can

forgive me in death for my shortcomings in life. I love you son,  
goodbye.

A phone on a desk with the Herald newsroom rings

It is picked up

Rear view of a man with the phone to his ear

Man

Area 51...He's wrapping up an exclusive with the assassin from the  
grassy

knoll...

A hand snatches the phone from him

Roman \_(the phone to his ear)\_

This is Roman...How're you doin...How do you know that? Where? On  
my

way

He hangs up the phone, writes a quick note and turns to leave

-Birds flee from the stacks of the  
"Steelyard"

"BLAM-BLAM-BLAM"

Skinheads in the cafeteria all looking one direction

Skinheads in the hall pause and look back

A man falls from the terrace to the floor in front of several skinheads

They look up to the terrace

The smoking barrel of a gun in the forefront held by Chucky Barnes

Chucky

Now shut the fuck up! All of you!

His hand rises from the 9mm ruger, flat on the table

It lies beside a monitor displaying the shrouded guise of the Benefactor

Chucky

Please Benefactor, leave my little sister out of this. I'm sorry, I will find him!

Benefactor

When you leave loose ends Mr. Barnes you force me to tie them. I want

you to look around. It took a good deal of my resources and effort to

produce that little base of operations for you and your soldiers. You're

starting to make me think that you don't respect that effort

Chucky

Of course not Benefactor-I mean I do

Benefactor

Bring me ocular proof at the dismissal of the son of Churchill and your

baby sister will see pink dresses and future birthdays again

Chucky

But Benefactor

Benefactor

This is not a discussion Mr. Barnes! Fail again and she'll just be my warm

up

His image disappears

Lifting her finger from the console she presses another button

A lab appears on the screen

Turner

Blank, report!

No one comes into view

Turner

Where the hell is you Blank?

A gloved arm waves across the screen

Mr. Blank

I'm here! You caught me in the middle of something

Noise permeates from the screen.

Mr. Blank works just out of the scope of her view; his  
back-side

intermittently breaks the horizon

Mr. Blank

Things are progressing but I will I be receiving anymore of the  
catalyst?

Turner

I can fill your request but first a name...

-Rush Computers

Peyton explores the upstairs living quarters

He walks along the wall of family photos coming to a large potted  
tree in

the corner

It spins revealing a darkened stairwell

At the exit lights spark to life illuminating shiny, polished metal  
walls of a

hallway Traveling the hall he passes doors and segue ways to other  
areas

(training room and medical bay) The walls of the hall spread further  
apart

as he walks opening to a rounded area where he discovers a large  
"Cshaped"

console and chair. He sits in the chair and with a wisp of sound

glass rises running the length of the desktop

Peyton

Fuck a bat cave

A three dimensional holographic image configures just before the glass

Holographic Image

This is the "War Room"

Peyton

Dad?

Holographic Image

This is the tutorial program for acclamation to the "War Rooms" systems.

Please say "continue"

Peyton

Continue

Holographic Image

Thank you

Beside him the air begins to ebb, waving fluidly as the display shimmers

into view.

A gleaming metallic belt rest under glass housing, at its center a black

crystal. Unique headgear with a monocle attached within the circumference

of the belt

Holographic Image

The "EM-Belt". It grants its wearer the ability to generate and manipulate

the energies of the electromagnetic spectrum-"Beep"

Peyton looks up as though to answer the beep

Holographic Image

There is a visitor at the commercial main entrance

Peyton looks at the console and a display of Roman

Roman enters an opening door talking on his telephone

Roman

"Ha-Ha" you are "hi-larious"

The phone in-hand his thumb pressing its center

Roman

I'm surrounded by genius

Peyton

What's goin on?

Roman

My beta testing his metal, don't worry about it. What is this?

His arms extended he twirls and looks around

Roman

And you said that you know your father was murdered?

Peyton

I wanna show you something

- "Doo-loo-loo-loo"

Frenzied faces poring from all directions

"Doo-loo-loo-loo" "Doo-loo-loo-loo" "Doo-loo-loo-loo"

They rush and weave to pass each other, many already answering  
a

phone, or two

"Doo-loo-loo-loo" "Doo-loo-loo-loo" "Doo-loo-loo-loo"

They scramble and swirl to the noisy panic

"Doo-loo-loo-loo" "Doo-loo-loo-loo" "Doo-loo-loo-loo"

In his office doorway, the editor-in-chief's clenched jaw and stone  
stare go

unnoticed

Chief

The hell is this?!

No one answers from the chaos

A form breaks from the eye of the panic

A young woman and she approaches the "Chief"

Woman

Chief we got calls comin in like a 9-1-1 call center!

Chief

Skip the just woke up version

Woman

Sorry Chief. Every line on the floor is ringing off the hook for Bilducea

Chief

I got a hundred and seventy-six phones all ringing for "Bilbo?"

Woman

Yeah, but he ain't here

Chief

Is anyone telling them that?

Woman

We have but the calls keep coming. Also there are some men here looking

for him too. Black suits, dark glasses and those fancy ear-pieces, they look

like secret service

Chief

Did you ask who they were or get some i.d.?

Woman

...

Chief

Cheese and rice Tanya! You do realize that we are in the information

business? Forget it. Where are these Secret Services now?

Tanya

S-

Chief

-Yeah, I know sorry Chief. Get security up here, filter all incoming calls

through the switchboard and I want "Bilbo's" thick hide in here now!

Rush Computers

Peyton sits behind the desk in his office with Roman in the chair across

from him

Roman

Sorry about your pops but you know we're gonna get those clowns

"Dedo-leet!" "Dedo-leet!"

Peyton

I want ta-

"Dedo-leet!" "Dedo-leet!"

Reaching into his jacket

Roman

My bad, hold on...Roman...Chief whoa whoa whoa. Take it easy, I can't

comprehend at that volume...What? Okay, okay I'm coming

He puts his phone away

Roman \_(standing)\_

Later?

Peyton \_(standing)\_

Come back the first chance you get. I got something you need to see

His back foot is the only visible part of him as he exits the office and enters

the black hall

-SUV in downtown traffic

Inside Roman answers his cell phone

Roman

This is Roman...Did you call the cops? Call'em I'm comin! What else today,

damn!

His head snaps back, the phone flies from his hand

Roman

Son of a-

Steadying himself he looks into the rearview mirror

His view: a black SUV

Omnicore Tower

In her penthouse office Jackie Turner pauses

Turner

Tell me you did not just say that

Uno \_(onscreen)\_

Yes ma'am, we lost him

Uno's face covers the screen in the background

In the fore ground Turner's slightly blurry fist tightens

Uno

I have established surveillance at both his home and the Herald and we

are also now in possession of his vehicle

Turner stands in the center of her office poised and glaring at the screen

image of Uno

Uno

Uh-hmm! I will have his eyes on your desk in two hours

Turner

Or I will have yours on my desk in two hours and ten minutes

Uno

Ma'am

The screen blackens

-Low light but the bright orange door is quite

clear

"Bang-bang-bang-bang-bang"

Its stands quiet

"Bang-bang-bang-bang-bang"

Peyton steps into view, slides the latch opening the door Roman  
stumbles

in exhausted

Peyton

You alright?

Roman

I don't know who I pissed off this time, but they are a bit more  
serious than

I'm used to dealing with

Peyton

What happened?

Roman

When I came earlier I was talking to one of my legion of haters, he  
said the

Secret Service was there looking for me. When the Chief called me  
singing

that same song I had to find out what the trucks goin on. Well on my  
way

there a neighbor calls me saying some government suits were trashing  
my

apartment. So I try to get home and that's when they caught up with  
me.

Peyton

Who?

Roman

I don't know about Secret Service but these cats crashed me into  
the

underpass for the "ele"

Peyton

You okay? How'd you get away?

Roman

I'm good'n crafty but listen there's more, someone's calling every phone in

the newsroom looking for me. There's like a hundred fifty reporters on that

floor and did I mention they ran me into the underpass?

Peyton

Any idea that these guys are?

Roman

Black suits, black shades, black SUV's at ramming speed and a serious

wanna kick my ass fetish.

Peyton

Could it have been Zoerleck?

Roman

These guys were not the poindexter types

Peyton

Alright, this ain't workin for me. I'm going to your apartment and I am gonna

get some answers

Roman

Slow down turbo. I know you got some rough info with your pops and all

with the "Hi son, I'm dead" but are you high? These cats just ran me into a

concrete structure, broad daylight in downtown Chicago! They ain't playin

Peyton

You're right, my dad's dead...told me himself but I am a soldier. I need to

do what a soldier does

Roman

I understand that you used to be some kind of "deny your existence"

semper-fi badass but I don't think they're gonna observe the rules

of

engagement.

Peyton \_(rising to his feet)\_

No worries I got something for that ass. I've been trying to show you all day

Eight "Black suits" walk a formation in the alley behind Rush Computers

The air is disturbed and fluid

Peyton begins to appear, the air shimmers from around him as though he

were emerging from water

Escrima sticks fly into his hands from the sheathes on his fatigues

Sparks fly as he strikes the suited men

The suits circle him

He leaps above their heads tossing Escrima sticks back at his adversaries

He floats up against the wall and springs off again tossing two escrima

sticks at his opponents

Springing off the opposite building down to the alley floor

The ground shakes enough to test their balance

They attack in unison, Peyton extends his arm and half the men are

launched several yards down the alley

Behind him the other men cock their guns \_(3 panels)\_

"Click!" "Click!" "Click!"

Peyton crosses his arms

Peyton

I wouldn't

M.I.B  
#1

Fire!

"Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat"

"Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat"

"Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat"

Peyton holds up his hand

Peyton

"Mag-Shield"

The bullets reflect and ricochet, striking down one of the  
"Black-suits"

(Panoramic view)

Peyton lunges at the final three men spinning through the air he  
shatters

their ranks He stands victorious over the fallen "Black-suits". An  
escrima

stick in each hand he peers down at them for the slightest sign  
of

consciousness.

Peyton

Computer, end simulation

The darkness fades, the room brightens

The men and alley begin to dissipate, the buildings fade away  
leaving

behind a complex geometric pattern on the walls, ceiling, and  
floor.

Peyton

"Door"

The wheel centered on the hatch-like door spins

The hatch opens to Peyton exiting

Roman sits at the main console; he spins to face Peyton approaching  
from

across the room

Roman

That was the sickest thing I've ever seen! "Luke, I am your  
father"

Peyton

My style works perfectly to take advantage of the belts capabilities,  
I'm

gonna take'em all to Church Why don't you start calling me Anthony,  
I'm

gonna have to get used to it some time

Roman

I'm gonna need a code name too with the men in black after me.  
Speaking

of which, I like how you dropped all of'em but in real life don't you  
think

you're gonna need a gun? This is Chicago

Anthony

With this

An escrima stick flies into his hand

Anthony

These are all I need plus I've had my fun with guns

Roman

I realize they didn't get off a shot but you're not always gonna be  
that lucky.

What are you gonna do when they start shooting?

Anthony

That's why I've got the "Man Upstairs"

Roman

God's your sidekick?

Anthony

You stupid. You're my "Man Upstairs"

Roman

"The Man Upstairs"...cool

-The skyline of the city the sunlight wanes as the  
night

comes

Church stands on the roof-top ledge across from the Clayton  
building

Church

"Sight beyond sight"

Monocle view: the wrecked apartment

Church

Your apartment has been compromised

Man Upstairs

Awww, what'd they do?

Church \_(On the roof top ledge)\_

Trashed it. Any idea what they were looking for?

Man Upstairs

Zero

Church

"Heat-Check"

Monocle display: His display switches spectrum frequency.

The body heat of six men appear

Church

I got'em! "Grav-Leap"

Church leaps the distance crashing through the balcony door

-The blinding white letters of Omnicore Petroleum shine

over the city and lake

Through the "O" Jackie Turner's office

Pacing her office with Cinco on the monitor

Turner

...bald black guy wearing a shiny, silver belt came through the window on

the seventeenth floor?

Cinco

Yes ma'am, we cleansed the apartment but lost four agents

Turner

Would you like a Kleenex Cinco?

He stares blankly

Turner

Damn it Cinco, you're supposed to be the best! Hand-picked, the best of

the best. You let one man swinging sticks with a shiny belt compromise

your mission? He killed four of your men and all you've told me was how

he reminded you of the "Daywalker" movies!?

Cinco

Ma'am he did things that were impossible. Upon exiting the apartment he

attacked us from inside the apartment, he didn't come from inside the

building. Just before detonating the target I extracted the team and as we

exited from the front entrance he landed on top of us.

Turner

You sound ri-goddamn-diculous. So what, this crazy freak jumped out a

window, he got lucky, hit an awning instead of Michigan Ave. Not exactly

Spiderman to imbecile!

Cinco

Ma'am he jumped thirty feet straight up and he stopped our heavy rounds

in mid air. The bullets were floating in front of him and then they just

dropped at his feet. He waved his arm and the gun just flew out of my hand

and the second time he gestured he blew Cuatro into the street and an on

coming truck.

Turner

Enough! Get your ass and tucked tail in here now! We don't want the

Power Rangers to show up

-Man upstairs \_(the lower half of his face)\_

My apartment!

Church

I took four of 'em down, the last two skirted on me

Man Upstairs

My comic books

Church

Comic books?

Man Upstairs

Come on now Mr. Pot and kettle, you just pulled a straight up  
"capedcrusader."

It's that kinda open-minded hobby that's helping me cop with  
this craziness

Church

Alright, I hear you.

Anthony places the EM-belt into its harnessing and turns back to the  
Man

Upstairs

Anthony

So what'd we learn?

At the main console Roman props his head up with his hands

Man Upstairs

That I can still cry like a school girl with a skinned  
knee

Anthony

That too. We've got the RHB firebombing my house; the M.I.B came  
after

you when you wrote about my father.

Roman

...and the correlating factor will give us our titan

-Three black SUV's caravan along a dark road

Inside an image of Jackie Turner on a small monitor

Turner

...and after you have collected every ounce, salt the earth.  
Success

numerous Seis will make you numerous Uno

Seis

Yes ma'am

She drops from the screen

Seis

Let's move

-Roman sits at the main console donning his headgear

Man Upstairs

...sounds like you're a choir-boy

Church shimmers visible as he approaches Roman and places a hand  
on

his shoulder, startling him

Church

It's just name play. Way back in "boot" Sarge kept dropping the  
"hill" calling

me "Church"

Man Upstairs

Don't do that! I just finished uploading the follow-up story to the  
Herald.

"EM-tech", Dr. Churchill's reciprocal kidnapping and murder and  
Z.I's

Gestapo behavior, I got it all. I got the M.I.B hit squad and there  
part in

destroying my apartment. I just hope your a good enough hook for  
the

whopper this is gonna bring in

Church

I'll be in the holochamber

Roman

Choir-boy comment too much?

The hatch door of the Holochamber slams shut the wheel spinning.

The Man Upstairs continues his work and cracking a grin

-Across the Atlantic, the Middle East.

Surrounded by the burning desert sands stands the world's leading oil

producing nation the Muhammasan Empire and the Palace of its monarch

King Hussayn

A group of men move through the interior

Another man descend the grand staircase to intercept them

Man

Cousin-Cousin!

The group stares at him hurrying man

They part revealing the King, clearing his throat

King Hussayn

My countrymen, I bring you our Minister of Defense

The young man bows

Minister of Defense

Forgive me my King but we have a matter of urgency which requires your

immediate attention

The Royal office

The King sits at his desk and the Minister of Defense opens the laptop in

front of him

Minister of Defense

The American have been busy my liege. This "EM-tech" they've created is

intended to supplant the demands of our precious petroleum. A declaration

of war in my eyes

King Hussayn does not move as he studies the screen

Minister of Defense

My king...My king, what are your orders?

King Hussayn

Not war my cousin... genocide...

Rising from his chair

King Hussayn

...and there effrontery will be met by the children of God. Charged with his

mighty wrath and the entire might of our nation.

The Minister of Defense snaps to attention

King Hussayn

We will not cower from the evil serpents of the west!

-Roman wakes on the couch

He makes his way down the corridor to the "War Room"

He dons his headgear and takes a seat at the main console

Man Upstairs

Alright Church, were you at?

Criss-crossing traffic

Man upstairs \_(over the comm)\_

Church, where you at man?

Church

I found a new toy

Man Upstairs

Sound like you're near a motorcycle

Church

Be there in thirty

Man Upstairs

What are you doin?

Church

Trying out the "Cloak"

Roman

Cloak?

Church

Yeah, it can do the same stuff as the belt so I thought I'd check it out

The wall behind the Man Upstairs slides aside revealing the vehicle bay. A

roar in the tunnel and Roman turns to greet him

Church rides in, docking perfectly in the housing set-up for it

He walks toward Roman as the wall slides back into position behind him

Church

You can say it

Roman

Wow

Removing the encephalo-monicle

Church

It's called the "EM-Cyke" and it is as fun as it looks

Roman

Okay my turn to wow

He spins back to position and Church leans in

Man Upstairs

Somebody hit Z.I. last night

Church

What happened?

Man Upstairs

The Blob happened. The building was covered in gelatinous blue goo, with

an as yet still undetermined chemical make-up and it's eating the building.

Imagine an acid with the consistency and properties of strawberry jam and

it's eroded almost forty percent of the building.

Church

They've got a small city down there cleaning it up already. Cops got

anything?

Man Upstairs

Police, FBI, and the E.T. squad are all down there and all clueless

Church raises the monocle as he turns back to the vehicle bay

Church

I'll take a look

-Omnicores Tower

Down the letters to the ground floor, the elongated metal door slides aside

and Jackie Turner enters the room

She walks in poor lighting with intermittent flashes of light

(Wide view)

A lead-suited figure in the foreground works on an experiment, in the

background Turner steps from the shadow

Turner

Mr. Blank report

He continues working

Turner

Blank!

Blank

Must you destroy everything you come in contact with?

Turner

Is that my thanks for fulfilling your request?

Blank

Those were my friends...My colleagues

Turner

Ha! You don't have any friends, you're no one remember? You saw to that!

It was your deceit which led us to this point. Embarking on hidden exploits

were not part of "our" plan and therefore our agreement will be modified

Blank

"Modified"? My work is almost completed and I don't plan on spending

anymore of the immediate future here

Turner

As of now your future no longer exists, AND, until your work is completed

to my satisfaction your status will continue to reflect your very namesake

blank. Nothing, an empty space and furthermore you will no longer be

privileged to enjoy anymore external stimulation, its distracting you.

Church fires down the freeway

Church

"Grav-leap"

He soars over the side

Church

E.T.A, four minutes

Man Upstairs

I found blueprints on Z.I. in the mainframe. Your pops thought of everything

Church flying

Man upstairs \_(over the comm)\_

I'm uploading it to your monocle now

Church

Nice

Man Upstairs

How you liking the "EM-Cyke"?

Church

Very nice. I don't know about that name tho'

Man Upstairs

You said it's got similar capabilities to the belt, sound like a good fit

Church

For now. "Vis-link"

The display on the main console shows Church's point of view

Man Upstairs

Whoa! How'd you do that?

Church

"My pops thought of everything." I stumbled onto it. I figure we've only

begun discovering what he's laid in the mainframes database

Man Upstairs

Can't wait to see what else

Church

Hold on

The Man Upstairs sees the gates of Zoerleck

They grow closer and closer then lower from view

Church landing just past the gate

Church

"Cloak"

Man Upstairs

Holy Shit!

-A crowd fills the panel

Larger view: larger crowd

Looking through a doorway two arms extend and spread the curtains

partially draped over the doorway

Outside the crowd is larger than the eye can contain

King Hussayn steps onto a terrace and the crowd cheers

King Hussayn

For one hundred years we have shared the blessings of our land with the

world. Willingly sharing with the entire world's nations our precious oil to

light their homes and power their machines but how is our good will

repaid? Treachery and malcontent, as the heathens rise up against us.

The great serpent of the west broadens it' hood in intimidation as they seek

a genocide on all our people and this will not be tolerated!

Crowd

Raaaaaaagh!

King Hussayn

We will not cower in the face of evil!

Crowd

Raaaaaaagh!

King Hussayn

We will fight...we will destroy them and we will celebrate under the glory of

god and drink to our vanquished enemies!

Crowd

Raaaaaaagh!

-Church rides waters surface of the river

Man Upstairs (over the comm)

Church, I'm stressing over these M.I.B. Who could they possibly be,

C.I.A...N.S.A or some other acronym us normal folks have ever heard of?

Church

Still working on that one myself

Man Upstairs

Municipal reports are turning up zilch. I think I'll get down to the Herald and

see if anything jumps out at me

Church

Sure you want to be seen just yet?

Man Upstairs

Gotta get back on that horse sometime

Church

I'll be on the streets

Man Upstairs

Cool, we'll hook up later and swap stories

Church leaps from the river to a bridge and blazes down the street

-Elevator doors part

Roman shoes begin to step

The editor-in-chief

Chief

"Bilbo" get your carcass in here!

Roman \_(entering)\_

Heeeeeey Chief. You look good and the tie is hittin

Chief

Shut it and sit

Roman

Look Chief

Chief

I said shut it! Now damn it "Bilbo" I put that egg-heads cloak and dagger

piece on my front page even after I read it but don't piss on my leg and tell

me it's raining. Whose cereal'd you number two in?

Roman

I'm trying-

Chief

-I didn't say it was your turn

"Ring-Ring"

Chief

Your crap has got-

"Ring-Ring"

View from the newsroom outside the Chief's door

His head darts into view as he peers out

Chief

Where is that girl?

"Ring-Ring"

Chief \_(reaching for the phone)\_

Crissakes woman...Yeah...and you're calling me? call the cops  
genius!

Roman

What's goin on Chief?

Chief

Your friends are back

Three elevators ding simultaneously then open simultaneously

M.I.B pour out reaching into their jackets removing chrome  
pistols

They unleash on the crowd

Roman standing in the doorway looks back at the chief

Roman

Dial 9-1-1!

The Chief ducks behind his desk

Church crashes through the window

Rolls up to his feet and darts out of the office

He deflects a few rounds as he runs toward the M.I.B

He clobbers one

Another

Another

Three MIB move in unison away from a device

Church

"X-Ray"

Monocle display: Highlighting explosive components and a timer

He's hit with a chair

Looking up he sees the MIB heading back to the elevator

He looks back at the device

Church

"Pulse"

The timer continues

He leaps to his feet

Church

"Pulse"

The numbers change

Church

Shit!

He runs into the office

Church

We're leaving

Chief \_(eyes peering over the desk)\_

We're twelve stories up and they're out there so how're we gonna do that

slick?

Church's arm grabbing Roman

His arm grabbing the Chief by the back of his pants

At the window

Church

"Grav-leap"

They fly from the window

Mid-air, the Chief with his hands over his face, Roman is awed

They land on a neighboring roof-top rolling with the momentum

On one side the Chief lies crashed against an air conditioner and Roman

on the other side one hand on his head

Church looks behind himself back across at the Herald

"BOOM"

Facing the building

Church

"Grav-Shield"

The Chicago Herald explodes in a brilliant display

-The explosion on-screen

Turner

Any further doubt as the whether Operation: Re-fit is back on track?

Monitor display: The splits half the original explosion with the face of

Kendal Eddington

Eddington

Reduced your enemies to mere memory have we? I pray that I've taught

you better Ms. Turner. You couldn't possibly be this daft. The operation

remains in the look where your sloppy execution and tactless bungling

have left it.

Turner

I have procured the developer and element, removed all opposition and

silenced the whistle-blower. Haven't I kept you completely updated?

Eddington

And you believe that you could even relieve yourself without my prior

knowledge? I'll tell you what you have done; you've cost this corporation

potential billions in pounds. Not to forget priceless

opportunity. Must I re-address the scope and scale of said operation?

Her face tightens with impatient

Eddington

You would not think yourself sane hearing these tales of the  
dead

scientists' son and his shiny accessories, frolicking about and  
stilling your

every move

Turner

You do trust me don't you?

Eddington

Of course my dear which is why I'm going to offer you my  
assistance

Turner

I have it under control

Eddington

See that you do dear; you know that you are quite special to me and  
as

they say "we are hardest on those we love"

The War Room

The Man Upstairs analyzes schematics

Man Upstairs

There it is!

He looks side to side

Man Upstairs

Church?

Startled, a hand shimmers into view

Church becomes wholly visible

Man Upstairs

Don't do that!

Church \_(smiling)\_

My bad, why so jumpy?

Man Upstairs

I'm under a lot of stress okay? 1

Church

I'm sorry. Tell me what you've got

Man Upstairs

You felt a little dazed when you got hit with that chair, well that  
monocle

you wear is called the "Encephalo-monicle for a reason. It gives you  
mental

control over the belt's frequency matrix

Church

This dictates the spectrum band

Man Upstairs

Exactly! When your concentration is hindered-

Church

-my control is diminishes

Man Upstairs

Focus power Daniel San

Church

Got it

Night falls like a blanket, rain follows

Church roars through downtown

Man Upstairs

Okay, RHB plus MIB and solve for "X"

Over the comm

Man Upstairs

I got nothing

Church

So we redefine our terms...starting with the Red Hammer Monkeys

Man Upstairs

You gonna search street by street?

Church

You're right; I need to utilize my resources

He turns down an alley

He speeds toward the dead end

Closer the Man Upstairs closes one eye

Church

"Mag-lev"

He leaps up the side of building and rides to the  
roof-top

-Later

The sidewalks are alive with pedestrians

Church surveys from on-high

Man Upstairs \_(over the comm\_)

How the cops, FBI and homeland security all can is on the short bus  
on

this? These guys murder my entire floor blowing up the building and  
these

fools got nada!

Church

I do

Monocle display: Telescoping view of three skinheads come out of a  
bar

Church runs and leaps roof-tops to the EM-Cyke

Man Upstairs \_(over the comm)\_

You got something?

Church

Three cue-balls on \_ Avenue

He roars over the side

-Ha!

"SCHING!"

The darkness parts

A heaving chest and shoulders.

A tank cleaved in two reveals the Muhammasan Empire's Minister

of

Defense. Shirtless he wears a jewel encrusted, red turbine, with his arms

extended and wielding a golden scimitar.

"Clap-Clap-Clap"

King Hussayn \_(stepping from the shade of an awing)\_

Magnificent cousin!

The Minister of Defense examines and admires himself

MOD

I agree my king, but what has become of me?

King Hussayn

Your king and country are in need of a champion, and by God's glory the

ingenuity of your countrymen has made you that champion.

Hussayn puts his arm around him leading him through the courtyard

King Hussayn

You have been re-made! Augmented! My most elite soldier and Minister of

Defense wielder of the "Hand of God" your golden scimitar; you are now

"Saladin the unconquerable!"

-Rain pounds the black van of the RHB as it pulls up to

the black gate surrounding the "Steelyard"

Light breaks from the building as the van passes the gate

The sliding bay door closes behind it as it enters

Church rides cloaked past the closing gate

Inside: Chucky Barnes walks through the revamped abandoned steel mill

climbing a stairwell

He enters a room off the causeway

Reich greets him

Reich

I brought my storm troopers back for a re-up

Chucky

Where's Nerd?

Reich

I think he's over in "Ops". Musta had another one of his nerdy brainstorm

The lights flicker again

The skinheads all looking around

The war table blinks out

Chucky \_(looking up)\_

What the hell?

Reich

Power surge

Chucky

Do we still have eyes at the alpha site?

Reich

Storm troopers of the RHB are on-sigh. Don't worry Chuck

we'll get him

The lights flicker again

Power drops them into darkness

The auxiliary kicks in

Chucky

I'm going over to "Ops" and have Nerd get my damn power back up!

Chucky walks out onto the causeway

A figure steps from another room onto the causeway

Closer he sees Nerd

Nerd

Don't tell me Benefactor's deep pockets can't cover the electric bill

Chucky

Funny ass-

Reich walks into view

Chucky

Why didn't you answer me?

Reich

Sorry Chuck, I'm a little freaked out

Another shadowed figure walks the causeway

Chucky

Who's that?

Reich \_(turns his head)\_

Don't screw around man

The causeway is barren

Chucky

There was someone there

Reich

Where?

Chucky

There was someone coming up the stairs!

Reich

Well I don't see anything

Lightning flashes behind a man hanging upside down across the SS  
Hall

Small panel: Chucky's eyes darted aside

Chucky \_(pointing\_)

Over there!

Reich looks it that direction

The lights come on

(Wide view) The SS Hall is littered with skinheads, Reich and  
Chucky

above them on the terrace looking out

Across the room in front of the window hangs a defunct distribution  
pot

underneath it the air waves ripple

Church shimmers into view

He drops to the floor amidst the grouped skinheads

Reich

That's him! That's the jig from the bonfire!

Church mows through the crowd punishing each man as they come

Reich \_(Chucky backing off)\_

Whoa, Chuck he's like "super-jig" or something

Chucky

Protect your Commandant

Chucky enters a room

He opens a weapons locker containing a chrome pistol and a  
red

sledgehammer

In the foreground Chucky turning his head toward the doorway  
where

Reich stands

Reich

Come on Chuck!

Chucky throws him the sledgehammer

He turns around to Church on the causeway

Reich

Round two spook

He swings, Church ducks

Church

"Strobe"

Reich holds his eyes

Reich \_(swinging his hammer)\_

I knew you were scared

Church evades it

Reich

'Thought all you jigs were supposed to be tough guy  
thugs?

Church

You also thought you were superior-"Grav-Push"

He blasts Reich down the causeway

Church \_(Reich's face is calm)\_

\_"\_Mega-ton"

Reich cries out

Side view: Church leaning over Reich pushing an escrima stick into his

chest

Church

'Got about a thousand pounds pushin into your chest; cozy...You burned

down my house, why?

Reich

"Gakk" Fuck you spear...chucker...

Church lifts his escrima shtick

Removes his foot

A golf swing to the chin puts him out

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGH!"

Chucky looking out turns back to the monitor he's activated

Chucky

He took out my soldiers, crashed the power grid and turns invisible!  
You

gotta help me!

Church \_(Chucky looking at the monitor)\_

Too late Nazi-boy

Chucky

Benefactor, please!

Man Upstairs

Chucky Barnes leader of the RHB

Church walks toward Chucky releasing sparks by striking his

escrima

sticks together

Church

It's just you and me now

Chucky raises his chrome pistol

Chucky

Humph, slow learner

Monitor display: Enhanced digital analysis of the gun

Man Upstairs

That's not a regular gun!

The blast knocks Church out of the room Slamming h into the  
causeway

rail

He flips over it and falls to the level below

Man Upstairs \_(over the comm as Church leaps to his feet)\_

I'll try to be a little quicker next time

Chucky steps out onto the causeway firing wildly. Monocle display:  
Zoomin

on the chrome pistol

Church

Look familiar?

Man Upstairs

You were right; there is a connection between these chumps and the  
M.I.B

Church (\_Church tosses an escrima stick)\_

"Hammer-throw"

Chucky is knocked back through the doorway Church run and leaps  
up

onto the causeway

Inside the office he grabs Chucky by the collar Church's hands  
under

Chucky's chin as he holds him against the wall

Church

Where do I start?

Chucky

You don't know what you're up against  
nigg-

Church

"Live-wire"

Chucky convulses

Head back, his mouth agape

Church

That gun, where did you get it?

Chucky

My soldiers will be here any second to kick your damn head in

Church tosses him across the room

Man Upstairs

I couldn't get a fix on it who was he talking to?

Church \_(snapping Chucky up)\_

I'm gonna enjoy finding out

He lifts Chucky into the air

Church

Did you kill my father?

He smashes Chucky into the desk

Church \_(Chucky in a heap)\_

Who were you talking to?

Chucky

"Cough" The furor

Church \_(slamming Chucky against the wall)\_

"Live-wire"

Man Upstairs

You're gonna killer

Chucky convulses wildly foaming at the mouth

Church

Who's pulling your strings?

He tosses Chucky across the room into the wall and slides to the floor

Man Upstairs

I doubt he'll be able to talk you keep this up

Church \_(Church stalks him)\_

The Man Upstairs doesn't think you got much left Aryan

Church snatches Chucky up from his heap

Church

Time to find out exactly how far I can throw a man

Chucky

...okay...

Church

What?

Chucky

Okay...I'm on your side

Church

My side?

Chucky

Yeah man...He took my little sister...said if I didn't kill you...

Church

Who?

Chucky

The Benefactor

Man Upstairs

Who?

Church

A name ape!

Chucky

I don't know his name. I don't even know what he looks like. He just hired

me and my soldiers to kidnap your dad and waste his house

Church

Where?

Chucky

You gotta protect me if I tell you

Church

I'll throw you off the roof if you don't tell me

Chucky

I just know he works for Omnicore

Man Upstairs

Holy Sh-

Church

"Live-wire"

Chucky is shocked unconscious

--Video of Saladin on a slicing

frenzy

Eddington \_(voice)\_

and last but not least, their leader Saladin. They say his golden scimitar is

forged from a meteorite that fell to earth a thousand years ago and can

cleave through any substance. Blessed by the highest of their clergy it was

to be used against the Christians during the crusades but was lost until

now

Turner \_(fingers folded\_)

Impressive

Eddington

Regardless of our little coalition with the Muhammasan Empire their

goals

are not wholly aligned with ours. They're one objective is to neutralize the

son of Churchill

Turner

When can I expect them?

Eddington

They will be upon your shores within twelve hours. Do give them a spotting

welcome dear, goodbye and good luck

He blips out

Turner

Luck Mr. Eddington...is for procrastinators

--The War Room

The Man Upstairs at the main console

Church dismounts from the EM-Cyke behind him

Church \_(walking toward the Man Upstairs)\_

What's the word?

Man Upstairs

I've been lookin at Omnicore Petroleum...they're huge. The largest

petroleum company on earth worth billions onto of billions. Domestically we

hit the jackpot, the COO is based right here in the Chi-Jacquelyn Turner

Church

He should be our first target

Man Upstairs

I think "she" is definitely the place to start, look who's flanking her

Display: Turner descending stairs surrounded by her M.I.B

Church

"Black-suits"

Man Upstairs

A very bad hometown girl, multiple juvenile offenses and an adult rap sheet

with everything aggravated assaults and larceny all the way up to several

controversial acquittals in white collar crimes. I think we struck oil

Man Upstairs \_(he turns toward Church)\_

Church, Omnicore is big time. Largest oil company in the world. We're

trying to get at the chief operations officer and I don't think you can expect

to just drop in for a quick Q & A

Church

My father said his work created detractors and the EM-Gen technology

would be in direct conflict with big oil. We both know those M.I.B

surrounding Turner are the same damn ones we've been running into

Man Upstairs \_(turning back to the console)\_

You're right, all signs point at Turner. You know over-achieving highpowered

excess like her usually work late...

One finger taps the button on the console Man Upstairs looks up to Church

with his arm extended down

Church

Hit me on the comm

Church places the encephala-monocle on as he heads toward the sliding

bay door of the EM-Cyke

He blasts from the underground exit onto the street and wheelies off in a

colorful blur

Man Upstairs \_(over the comm)\_

What are you gonna do?

Church

Talk to Turner and find out what she has to do with my father

Man Upstairs

You think she's gonna spill?

Church

Right now I'd prefer a little resistance

Man Upstairs

Ass-whuppins all the way around then!

Church wheelies again

\_\_Voice \_\_ (a\_\_

\_\_young woman onscreen)\_\_

What!? Kelly now is not the time to play with me

Kelly

I'm sorry Ms. Turner but I don't think anyone can respond. The remote link

shows main power offline and visual relay has no signal at all

Turner

Stay on it until someone responds. Any word on our friends from the east?

Kelly

None

Turner

Have them sent directly to me when they arrive

She drops the transmission

-The Coliseum

The crowd roars

The players explode into action

The crowd roars

The ball carrier breaks away from the pack

A black ball crosses the sky  
The crowd looks down onto the field  
The black ball descends, the blurred stadium below  
The opposing teams crash together  
The ball falls closer  
Fans begin to look skyward, aware of the whistling drop  
More look skyward, some point  
Silhouetted figures frozen as the opaque sphere bears down on them  
It crashes  
The media booth  
The announcers stand looking out of the window  
Announcer 1  
Are we still alive?  
Announcer 2  
I'm not sure  
Announcer1  
For anyone still watching, we do apologize for the interruption. We have  
what appears to be huge black ball imbedded into the field at the  
forty-five  
yard-line  
Announcer  
Announcer  
Announcer  
Announcer  
\*\*\*\*\*Part II Church  
meets  
KJ\*\*\*\*\*  
New York City  
BNC Television studios  
The staff and crew buzz about achieving their tasks

Make-up professionals swirl around the tailor-suited journalist standing

ready on his mark

Director (voice)

Places people!

The ladies disperse

Close up

Journalist

Good evening and welcome to "Date-week". I'm Rock Stone and tonight

we begin with the "Vigilante". Chicago's mean streets have met up with

something some say is a little meaner

Long panel

Rock stands on a small stage with a skyline backdrop

Rock

Originally thought a hoax or publicity stunt the "vigilante" is proving to be

far more

Stone turns slightly; a large monitor drops in behind him

Video footage, a young man

Man

We were getting off the "El" when we saw these gang bangers snatching

purses and smacking people up. We were next but right before they got to

us, it felt like somebody pushed me from behind. I'm looking around, my

sisters still screaming but nobody else, and then he starts appearing out of

thin air. It was like that Predator movie and he starts waving his arms and

guys are flying outta the way. He's jumpin around like a kung-fu movie,

man it was awesome!

The image changes, a fireman

Fireman

We had just cleared this building downtown and it was blazing.  
The

structure began to reach critical max temp and started to buckle. One  
of

the walls broke off and it was about to crush us, the truck and all  
the

people we just saved. Well here comes this motorcycle flying over  
our

truck and this guy flips off of it. He puts his hands up like he was  
gonna

catch the damn thing! Next thing we see the wall stops mid-air and  
them

starts going back up. It smashes into the building and the whole  
damn

thing explodes... the crazy was when the fire dissipated.

Stone rests on stool

Rock

One week ago criminals flee a macabre scene where they left four  
people

for dead in a botched grocery store robbery, and after a lengthy  
high-speed

chase, Chicago police held back ground pursuit for reasons of  
public

safety. When air units finally catch up with the murderous foursome,  
they

were trapped in the car which had been magnetically sealed. The car  
was

also magnetized to the underpass of the "El".

Slightly closer view / change in angle

Rock

There has been no response from the Mayor's office and  
the

Commissioner of Police's office merely rendered "No comment"  
eventhough

the police have pursed the "Vigilante" on numerous occasions

none

were ever successful. All ending with unusual circumstances.

Video footage-Police officer

Police officer

When we arrived at the scene there were six Acolyte gangsters wrapped in

two street lights. The "Vigilante" is watching us from the roof-top over

there; he jumps across the street to that one. He comes riding down the

side of the building, jumps to the street and takes off faster than anything

I've ever seen. We didn't see him long enough to pursue

Rock stands in front of the skyline backdrop

Rock

His remarkable abilities are as mysterious as they are amazing with

eyewitness accounts of great feats of strength, leaping as high as a threestory

window...

Close-up

Rock

...and something peculiar...

Video footage

Black and White surveillance video. Positioned in a high corner of the

bank, three masked men slowly retreat toward the front entrance as the

bank employees and patrons lie face first on the ground.

Rock (voice)

On July 27th these three men are making their way out of First Federal of

Chicago, watch closely as the getaway car pulls up.

Church lands on the hood

Rock (voice)

Their escape is short lived as the "Vigilante" lands on the hood of the car,

smashing it into the ground. Beside the obviously devastating effects on

the thieves and their vehicle

The paused image of Church at impact

Close up small circular panel

Rock

Our producers would like to assure our audience that this blurring effect is

not due to any censoring by this program or station.

Rock (voice)

We have yet to determine exactly how he accomplishes this and we have

yet to be able to do it, thus continuing our quest at his identity

Stone stands in front of the big screen

Rock

Here at "Dateweek" we have examined dozens of images of the "Vigilante"

all ending with the same result. For several weeks now the self-proclaimed

protector has amazed the citizens of Chicago but is there also concern?

Close-up

Rock

What are his motives? What are the extents of his abilities? How does he

accomplish these things?

Long panel

Squinted eyes

Rock (voice)

Will he request compensation for his deeds? Can he be trusted? What if he

becomes a rogue how can we stop him?

A finger taps a flat panel button

Church up-close riding the EM-Cyke. The city lights are in a strange

pattern

Man Upstairs (voice)

Yo!

Larger view

Church riding, more of the odd lights

Man Upstairs (voice)

My reporters reflex is acting up and I'm thinking we need to answer some

questions being asked about you

Larger view

Church is riding up the side of a building; behind him are the city lights

from above

Church

My actions won't leave one question unanswered

Frontal view / slightly aside

Man Upstairs looking up at his screen

Man Upstairs

Nothing makes a statement like making a statement

From above

Church rides on the black surface

Man Upstairs (voice)

What are you doing?

Larger view

Church is smaller, the surface area is larger

Church

Just testing my limits

Larger view

Church is riding up the side of the Sears Tower

Long panel

Several pairs of feet walk across grass

Long panel

Grass to porch stairs

From the inside

A front door

"BING-BONG"

A small boy reaches the door

The door smashed as three thugs burst in. The boy falls to the floor, the

first thug completely inside pointing his gun down at him. The center thug

totes a large assault rifle as his long coat flares. A third barely reaching the

entrance with his unique pistol protruding inside.

From behind

A thug bursts through an interior door. A startled woman in the room

3/4

The face of a sobbing man

Voice

Allegiance to your king!

The man with the assault rifle flares his trench coat aside revealing the

woman and twin girls on the couch behind him

Man

You will pay tribute to show yours

An eyeball peeks from around a corner

A young girl runs across the doorway, the others in the room

From outside

The back door is blown open as the girl emerges

Ketty (voice)

Run!

From outside

POW-POW-POW-POW!

From outside

The men stand in the light of the open doorway

A silhouetted figure stands in the middle of the street, several  
hundred feet

away

Voice

Who's that?

Long panel

The four men peer up the street

More figures

The four thugs look on

Clay

You cats seen a girl running through here?

The dark figures remain quiet

His men behind him Clay grits his teeth

Clay

%\*#? you then!

The figures walk toward them

Long panel / Clay's mouth

Clay

Clear out then bitches!

Long panel

Four different gun barrels form a crooked line, all firing

Larger view

The men firing

From behind

They fire into the moving crowd

Long panel

The figures diminish as they grow nearer

Long panel

Closer and fewer

Long panel

Closer, fewer

Clay lifts his arm to cease fire

One black shadow draws near

The dark glimmer fades like emerging from water

Church stands right in front of them

Church

All of you for one girl? Humph!

Two panels / opposite sides of the page

Escrima sticks fly into each hand

Off panel / top of the page

Red and blue lights

Through the windshield of the patrol car the street is wrecked, thugs  
laid

out in different directions around the feet of Church facing the  
opposite

direction

He turns back to look at the police

He walks to the right and disappears behind his cloak

The War Room

The Man Upstairs sits at the mainframe as Church approaching  
from

behind him and the bay doors closing in the background

Man Upstairs

You know the city is still deciding how it feels about you

Church passes behind him

Church

Good thing I'm not running for office

Man Upstairs swivels to look at Church, removing his gear in front of the

equipment housing

Man Upstairs

They were calling you "the vigilante"

Church continues without reaction

Man Upstairs

I don't want your "break-a-back" style to be misinterpreted because it could

be used to vilify you

Man Upstairs faces the audience with Church walking past him

Church

I need a sandwich, you?

Man Upstairs looking down the hall at Church's back, walking away

Man Upstairs

I'm trying to watch out for you!

King James sitting at a table, supremely dressed

Voice

...and after being found guilty of said charges by a jury of your peers...

Judge Porter presiding, she raises her gavel

Judge Porter

I sentence you Kevin Jefferson James to death by lethal injection. You are

hereby remanded to the custody of the Illinois Department of Corrections

until you punishment be mitigated!

Officers surround King James. looking up at them

King James leans back as the officers lead him from the room.

(Small Panel)

He looks deep into the courtroom

(Two smaller panels)

LP-Laurence Travers, one of King James  
subordinates

RP-Mia

Double-doors blown open with Mia exiting and flanked by male and  
female

guardians

Side view

A crowd of reporters and cameramen surround them. The woman  
stands

defensive with her arms extended standing slightly in front of Mia  
and the

male guardian. Mia slightly rescinding into the man's arms, the man  
stands

with one arm around Mia and the other extended toward the crowd.

Off panel / Top of the page

"POW-POW-POW-POW-POW"

People rushing in all directions. Cameras and stray shoes on the  
floor.

The frenzied crowd thins

Voice

It's alright!

An officer with his arms raised

Officer

Everything is alright please calm down, do not panic!

Several officers detain a struggling woman and lead her  
away

Woman

King James!

End  
file.